

THE JOURNAL'S NEWS FROM THE TRAINING CAMPS IS OFFICIAL.

Too Muddy for a Wheel, so Fitz Canters Over the Road.

He Says He Has Jolted 300 into Slumber and Will Add Another to the List.

By Robert Fitzsimmons.
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)
Fitzsimmons's Training Quarters,
Cook's Ranch, Carson, Nev., March 3.—The weather was so fine to-day that I decided to vary my plan of training. Arising at 8 o'clock, I took a hearty breakfast of chops, pickled beets, fried potatoes and coffee, and got out as soon as possible, to get all the sunshine and fresh air I could.

I tried to take a spin on my wheel, but the roads were a little too soft, and I took a run instead, covering about four miles at a good, stiff pace. I found it advantageous under the circumstances, and much better than a long jog. My trainers gave me a good rub down from head to heel, and took every bit of the soreness out of my arms and my right wrist.

In the afternoon, instead of hitting the bag, sparring with the boys and wrestling, I again took to the highway and ran into the hills that surround us. My reason for doing this was to get a chance to get into different altitudes and work my wind good and hard.

I hope the general public will begin to realize that I am training conscientiously for the coming fight, and that my whole future and reputation is wrapped up in winning it. Altogether, I have knocked out three hundred men in this and other countries, and I do not propose to stop now. I am fully aware of the importance of the coming event, and am prepared to win.

Speaking of my knockout record reminds me again of the statements I see often in papers to the effect that I am no fighter, and make my winnings accidentally. Three hundred accidents are a great many, I take it. I shall score another one of them in my next fight, but whatever may be the general verdict, the man against whom my penguin mitten bumps will know that the blow is the result of forethought, and in no sense a chance. I have lulled seven candidates for renown into slumber in one night; one down the other come on. Can it be that such a series of happy circumstances could come about by luck? If it were the case of any other man, I would say no. As it is my own matter, I know the knockouts were sincere and in perfect good faith.

FITZ TAKES NO CHANCES ON FOOD.

Fear of Cranks Causes Julian to Exercise Great Care in Selecting and Preparing His Man's Food—The Fighter's Record of Knock-outs.

Carson, Nev., March 3.—Fitz was in a playful mood last night, wrestling around the Journal headquarters, punching the machine and showing off the fanciest of his big dog Yarrum, who will fly at any one the moment Fitz is touched. Because he was in a jolly mood some one sent out the story that Fitz was drinking, but like most of the stories sent out from Carson by the disappointed ones this was a flat untruth. I got a bit of news from Martin Jolan this morning. It began by joking him about his extreme solitude for Fitz. At last he said:

"Why wouldn't I be solitary? I am the one who put up the side bet and the \$7,500 appearance money, and that is pretty much all I have. Then, Bob is my brother-in-law, and I like him, and if my watching and taking care can help him in any way, and it natural? Of course I don't suspect Corbett, but there are lots of people who would poison Bob to win a \$5 bet, and I'll take no chances."

Fitz saw the knife. Fitzsimmons was soon on the same subject. "After I whipped Dempsey," he said, "a man showed me a big knife in a saloon one day, and said: 'I was Jack's friend, I carried this knife to the fight to cut you to death if you were getting the best of Jack. Lucky for you I got no chance to enter the ring or get near you before I had cooled off and seen that you did Dempsey'."

BLACK FIGHTER FAIRLY BEATEN.

Joe Walcott Defeated by Tommy West at the Broadway A. C.

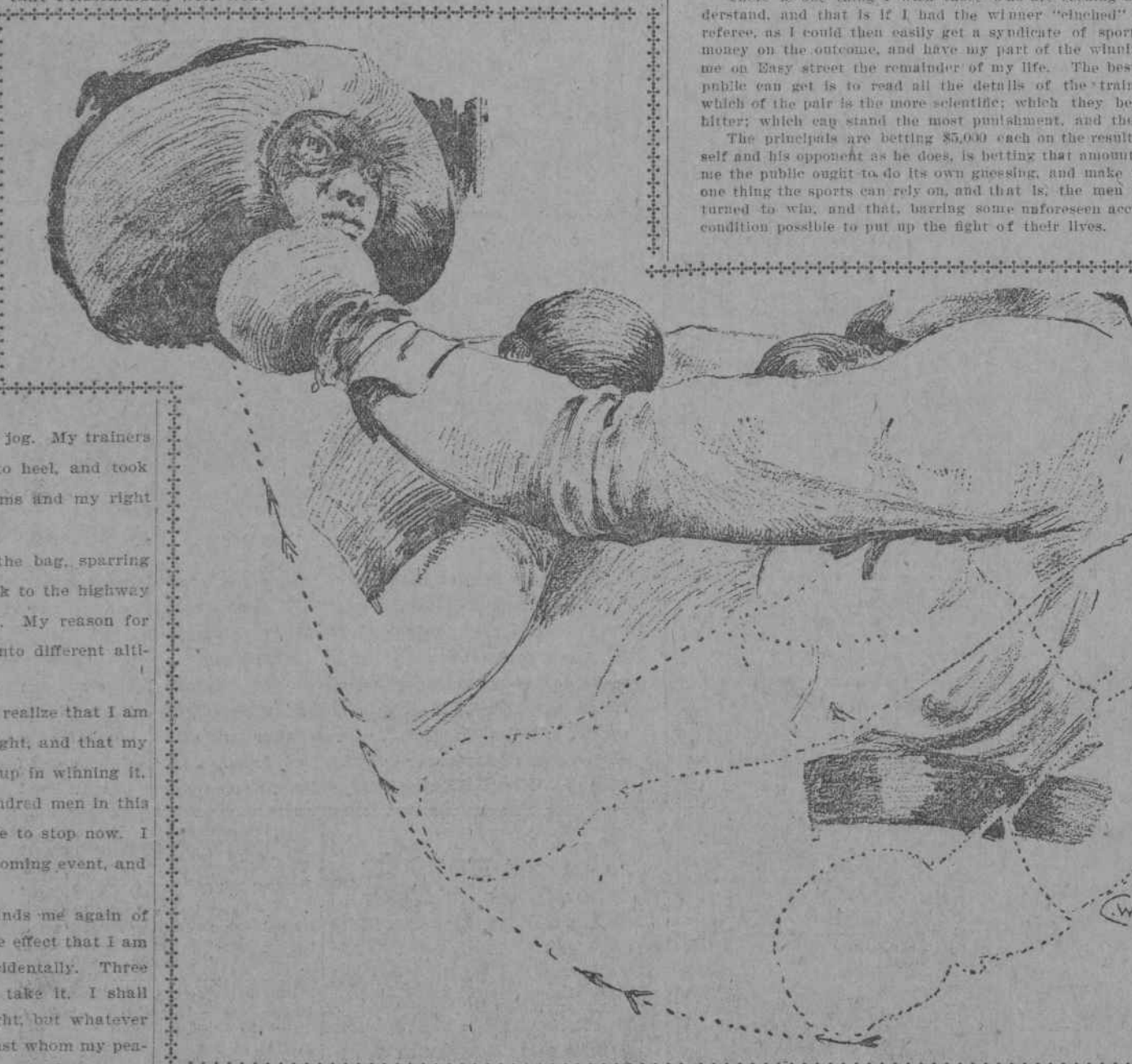
Joe Walcott, the black Barbadoes, met his Waterloo at the hands of Tommy West, the Boston pugilist, in the arena of the Broadway Athletic Club, last night, after twenty rounds of the fiercest kind of slugging it has been the pleasure of the New York sports to witness in many a day. It was a great fight in every sense, and Walcott was outclassed in every particular. Three times the bell saved the black man from visiting the land of nod. Fully \$10,000 changed hands on the result, the wise ones having backed Walcott 2 to 1. District Attorney Olcott was an interested spectator.

In the preliminaries Harry Stiles, of this city, defeated Jack Wallron, of Trenton, in ten rounds, and Fred Mayo, of Brooklyn, won a decision over Emil Moore, of New York, in six rounds, Moore being practically knocked out.

When Walcott and West came together for the opening round they started against

BETTING ON THE BIG FIGHT.

Billy Connors—\$1,500 to \$3,000 with Toke Wall, at Hot Springs, that Fitzsimmons will win.
Fred Waltham—\$1,000 to \$500 with Ike Thompson, that Corbett will win.
Bob Lynn—\$1,000 to \$2,000 with John Condon, of Chicago, that Fitzsimmons will win.
Ed Marks—\$1,000 to \$800 with Jake Josephs, that Corbett will win.
Charles Evans, the comedian—\$600 to \$500 with "Markie" Mayer, that Corbett will win.
T. W. Warden—\$1,000 to \$1,250 with a prominent business man, that Fitzsimmons will win.



CORBETT'S RECENT INVENTION IN CALISTHENICS.

The Californian is perfecting himself by urgent practice upon the wind-protected Woods, in a new blow. He pronounces it to be a wallop of excellent sort, and relies upon it to effectually incite Fitz to slumber. It appears to be a sort of cross between a hook and an upper-cut. He holds his fist close to his hip and waits for his opponent to drop his right arm a little below its usual resting place, when in position for boxing. The moment the opening is offered, his glove flies upward and across, the arm being slightly crooked, as in the case when a hook is intended. The blow is in direct line for the other man's chin, and is essentially a knockout blow. Corbett says it does not necessarily have to be delivered with great force in order to be effective, as it is the jar that deprives the opponent temporarily of his senses. He nearly put Billy Woods out twice with the blow.

CORBETT TAKES A RUN OVER THE HILLS.

He Shows Great Speed and Wind in His Road Work—His Condition in All Respects Seems Excellent—Mrs. Corbett's Opinion.

Carson, Nev., March 3.—"I may look better after my day's rest, but I don't feel any better than before, and I could not be better. The sun may make me look better, but it is simply the appearance of tan on the skin." This was Corbett's reply to my remark that rest had done him good and he looked brighter and better than when I saw him on Monday. He had been out for a spin around the hills, and I walked a few hundred yards from the ranch to meet him. He was coming along at a six-and-a-half mile pace, his handball friend, rolling along behind. Taylor, of the Boston Globe, was along with me. When Corbett saw us he exclaimed: "Come, I don't want to stop." We crept up the hill just for fun and Corbett beat us thirty yards, making the last hundred at a can, which would about cover a quarter of a mile in fifty-four seconds.

Hampton was left in the rear, dead to the world at the finish. Corbett's ending was so fast that it was difficult to believe he had done twelve miles in two hours' walking, jogging and sprinting. He had left Jeffries on the road far, far away, tired and looking four ways for a chance wood wagon.

Good Effects of the Road. Work on the road is good work if done in such fine weather as we are having now. It is less monotonous than indoor work, and Corbett, despite his protestations that he

could not feel any better, shows the result of the warm outdoor exercise by a boyish exuberance of spirits that is very jolly.

After his run-down he sat on the balcony of his cottage with his wife and sister. Mrs. Corbett talked freely. Her one theme was "Jim" and his improved condition. How much younger and handsomer he looked now; how much better and jollier than she had seen him for years. She spoke of the lines in his face that had faded out and grown smooth; of wrinkles in his face that she remembered, and how he deserves the victory that would surely come to him because of his hard work and self-denial. "He has worked and trained for this ever since he met Sharkey," said Mrs. Corbett again and again.

Some Shamrocks for Luck. Corbett was most pleased to-day, next to his wife's chat, with a card on which were pasted four four-leaved shamrocks sent to him by an Eastern admirer. The shamrocks were all perfectly green, and Corbett declared they would bring him four-fold good luck.

Good luck. Some one asked Corbett at dinner if he had a rabbit's foot since Bryan's defeat. He produced one from his pocket, and said

COOK NOT SURE TO STAY.

May Coach the Yale Crew for a Few Days Only, or May Remain Longer in New Haven.

New Haven, March 3.—The Yale crew was given an overhauled by Bob Cook as they rowed on the harbor this afternoon. This is the first time this year that any of the old coaches have taken a look at the men, and, judging from the vigorous coaching which they received, many faults were found, both individual and general. Mr. Cook remained with the men the whole afternoon, coaching them in the barge and also in pair oars.

When questioned concerning the truth of the rumor that he would stay in New Haven until the end of the season, he said: "I do not know how long I shall be here. Perhaps it will be for only a few days, and perhaps for a much longer time, but there is hardly a possibility of my being able to remain in New Haven during the whole season. There is no truth in the report that I have definitely decided to remain, as I myself am far from knowing just what I shall do."

Some time ago Mr. Cook expressed a preference for the New London course over that at Poughkeepsie. To-night in response to an inquiry on this point he said: "We have nothing whatever to do with the place of the race this year, so that it is immaterial which course we prefer. My reasons for liking the New London course is its freedom from traffic, but there is so little difference between them that it is not to be considered of very great account."

EXPECT A NEW ALLIANCE.

President Potter and Secretary Sullivan Think the L. A. W. and A. A. U. Will Soon Come Together.

Yesterday the articles of alliance which have existed between the L. A. W. and the A. A. U. since Howard R. Raymond was chairman of the Racing Board of the latter body were terminated. Thirty days ago the Union gave notice of its intention to terminate the alliance, and the time expired yesterday.

It will be remembered that at last year's Spring meeting of the Union the articles were revised after conferring with L. B. Potter, as representative of the League, but the revision was never accepted by the Executive Committee of the L. A. W., and consequently the old articles remained in effect until the Union gave notice of termination. The revision was made because Mr. Gideon, who succeeded Mr. Raymond as chairman of the League's Racing Board, did not interpret the terms of all articles as did his predecessor. Mr. Gideon granted cycle sanctions to clubs which included in the programme of their meetings unregistered athletic events for suspended athletes. This brought forth a protest from the Union, as Mr. Raymond had declined to allow such a state of affairs during his regime.

As Mr. Potter, who drew up the unaccepted revised articles, which provoked the League's misunderstanding, is now president of the L. A. W., it is a certainty that when he appoints a new Racing Board the alliance with the Union on the lines laid down by him will soon be in effect.

James P. Sullivan, secretary of the A. A. U., yesterday took this view of the matter, and Mr. Potter so expresses himself when seen at his office.

REFEREE SILER'S ADVICE TO SURETHING BETTORS.

By George Siler.
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

To the Editor of the Journal: Carson City, Nev., March 3.—I find in my mail every morning at least a half dozen letters from old and new friends and from strangers asking my advice as to how to place their money on the coming fight. They are all on the confidential order, and nine out of every ten swear by all that is good, they will never divulge the source of the information I might send them. For the benefit of my fool friends, I will say I have no opinions to express nor advice to give; that I am in the dark as to which of the principals will win, and if I did know, I certainly would keep the secret locked up in my bosom.

There is one thing I wish those who are seeking betting information to understand, and that is if I had the winner "chained" I would not officiate as referee, as I could then easily get a syndicate of sporting men to bet enough money on the outcome, and have my part of the winnings large enough to keep me on Easy street the remainder of my life. The best information the betting public can get is to read all the details of the training of the men; figure which of the pair is the more scientific; which they believe to be the hardest hitter; which can stand the most punishment, and then use their judgment.

The principals are betting \$5,000 each on the result. If each, knowing himself and his opponent as he does, is betting that amount at even, then it strikes me the public ought to do its own guessing, and make its own odds. There is one thing the sports can rely on, and that is, the men will leave no stone unturned to win, and that, barring some unforeseen accident, will be in the best condition possible to put up the fight of their lives.

Corbett Gratified with His Run on the Hills. As to Fitz's Runing.

By James J. Corbett.
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

Training Quarters, Shaw's Springs, Carson, Nev., March 3.—I started out to-day to do my first road work. Jeffries and Al Hampton accompanied me. We moved toward Elmina, but the roads were too rough in that direction, compelling us to swing around the mountain over toward Reno. We covered about twelve miles, mostly hill climbing. I did considerable in the way of sprinting, but not at my best rate of speed, it being my first effort during my present training. I shall increase my gait each day, and have my wind good and sharp by the day of the fight. I felt not the slightest distress from the morning run, and after a grateful rub-down, was ready for a hearty lunch.

This afternoon, I did the usual work at the wrist machine, punching bag, handball, wrestling with McVey and boxing a la battle royal. Those present pronounced me as quick as lightning, and there was no doubt of my vim. In the bag punching I practised the left hook for fifteen consecutive minutes.

I notice another graveyard contribution from the star of Cook's Ranch. I suspect that he spends his hours of rest and solitude trying to convince himself that the 17th inst. will not yield demoralizing results for him. It has been suggested that he has probably concluded if he did not occupy the centre of the stage, and get the calcium light before St. Patrick's Day, he would miss his opportunity for a last public appearance. I trust that he is not doing so much running for the purpose of including that feature of athletics in our boxing engagement.

"They may not work on every one the same, but I carry the one, even if more than 6,000,000 people did guess that contest wrong." Corbett let his boxing trainers take another afternoon off while he did push and pull work. But the day after to-morrow they will have a rough day's work. They have been rather a bruiser-up lot at Shaw's Springs, and their rest is proving a bonanza to them.

The Greatest on Record. This fight is going to be the greatest seen and is not likely to be equalled for many a long year. The men are a good match for height and weight, and Corbett having his best proportions where a fighter needs power most. No man ever lived fitter to fight than Fitz is to-day. He can punch, box, and faster than ever. Both men have given me some confidence, and so matter what they may have said or others said for them, they had the fullest knowledge and respect for each other's fighting powers.

Fitz says he can do Corbett with any one of seven punches. Corbett says he will not let Fitz punish him. They both expect the hardest fight of their lives, and are prepared for it.

Fitzsimmons has a great way of recovering from a punch, and Corbett a great way of avoiding punches and hitting in return. So much for the fight, now for the conditions. They seem to me to be perfect for fighters and spectators. The weather is lovely, hot, and Carson is in a beautiful mood. The rates of admission are all right when you consider that every seat gives a perfect sight.

Besides, Corbett and Fitzsimmons are the greatest stars in the world. You would pay more to hear Fatti and Nilsson sing together, and they could sing every night while these men must do their life's work in a few battles.

Their fight is perfect protection for every one and perfect comfort. There will be no trouble about food in Carson, and other towns in Nevada within an hour's ride can board at least two third class passenger trains.

T. T. WILLIAMS.

Fitzsimmons Money Covered. Boston, Mass., March 3.—The betting to-day took a turn toward Corbett, odds being quoted in almost every instance at 10 to 8 on Corbett. Tom Roberts had every bet he offered snapped up, and before the day closed had placed \$1,000 of Fitzsimmons money, and they could sing every night while these men must do their life's work in a few battles.

Goodman and Brock Matched. "Swifty" Goodman, the Indian champion of the Riverside Wheelman, has been matched for a two-mile race with Sam Brock at the games of the Twenty-second Regiment Athletic Association, March 23th. The contestants will start from opposite sides of the track.

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James P. Sullivan, secretary of the A. A. U., yesterday took this view of the matter, and Mr. Potter so expresses himself when seen at his office.

Bright Phoebus Has Broken Down. In a private letter from Mr. Henry Stull, the well-known artist, who is now visiting San Francisco, comes the information that both Bright Phoebus and Greenback have broken down, the former so utterly that there is virtually no chance of his ever being again. The horse is still the property of J. W. St. John, but was leased for racing purposes to Mr. H. H. Thompson. Greenback is also in a very bad way, but his case is apparently not quite hopeless.

Davenport Defeats Gilbert. Long Beach, March 3.—Davenport defeated Gilbert in a 100 yard match at Bowditch Park this afternoon. Davenport, 33; Gilbert, 35. Davenport led from the start. The match was for \$100 a side. Daily won the \$1,000 gold medal in the Central Gun Club shoot with ten weight hills.



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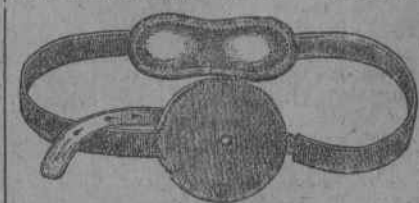
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